

LOCAL TWINKLES.

JANUARY will have two Sundays.

HAVE our old correspondents decided on?

FAREWELL to the old year and hail to the new!

BLACKBERRIES are very plentiful in this community.

It is time to turn a new leaf and sweep off from evil ways.

As yet we have had no snow and very little ice, this winter.

THERE are two kinds of sympathy—sentimental and substantial.

THE ditching-train hands have been at work in Sardis several days.

We wish every reader of this paper, and the rest of mankind, a happy New Year.

MANY of the young men of this section have turned themselves into chorn agents.

MANY of the cross-pieces of the sidewalk have been broken by horses tramping on them.

SUNDAY is the first day of the week, the first day of the month, and the first day of the year.

ABOUT all the stores in town were closed on Monday, which was celebrated as Christmas day.

SATURDAY is the last day of the week, the last day of the month, and the last day of the year.

SEVERAL hundred German carp have been distributed in this vicinity within the past three weeks.

THE matrimonial boom has about spent its force and is growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

ANOTHER mile-stone in the journey of life is just fading away and mingling with the dim shadows of the dead past.

WE are patiently waiting to see how many subscribers of the STAR will advance and pay one year's subscription in advance.

MOST of the small boys have laid aside the tin-horns and fire-crackers and are painfully contemplating the reopening of school.

A FRIEND, living near Como, informs us that 125 turkeys were stolen in that community during the week preceding Christmas.

CONTRARY to custom the STAR is published this week. By so doing, we make up for the numbers that the fire caused our readers to miss.

PANOLA county can beat the world raising fine cotton. Mr. Thomas, of the Wesley Chapel neighborhood, in this county, won the \$1000 premium for the best bale of cotton at the Atlanta Exposition.

MONDAY night the colored people had a Christmas tree in the colored Baptist church. We are informed the affair "broke up in a row." It is said the lights were put out and somebody grabbed the tree and ran off with it.

LAST Saturday evening in one of the stores of Sardis a colored man was caught stealing a pair of shoes and was given his choice of being whipped or going to jail. He chose the former.

THE clerk of the court gave him a drubbing with a buggy whip.

THE nights and scenes on the streets last Sunday was a drunkard man carrying home on his back a drunken white boy.

THE white boy was so drunk that he would surely get drunk on Saturday, Sunday or Monday, or any other day.

SOME boys had a party on the Sabbath and were firing crackers on the sly.

SEVERAL drunken men were on the streets Saturday evening. In attempting to get into the calaboose, one of them was quite a lively fellow, which he was set upon by the colored mob and the woman taken down and the woman taken down.

THE Board of Examiners will meet at the court-house in Sardis, January 7th, 1882 at 10 o'clock a.m., and examine applicants for county Superintendent.

J. A. RAINWATER, S. P. E. Panola Co.

PERSONAL.

Misses Della Well and Mary Spain are passing the holidays with their Memphis friends.

Mr. J. T. Butler has sufficiently recovered from his injuries to be able to walk with the aid of crutches.

Capt. J. A. Rainwater attended the meeting of the State Teachers' Association which met in Jackson this week.

Conductor C. E. Bellinger has our thanks for kind favors, which we greatly appreciate and hope to be able to reciprocate.

Mr. W. H. Seallor, of Atwood, Tenn., who has been on a visit to relatives and friends in this county, returned home Monday.

Miss Mollie B. Simmons, who has been quite ill with pneumonia, though still very weak, we are glad to know, is improving.

Misses Mary Belle Taylor and Annie Tucker arrived home from school last Sunday to spend the holidays with their parents.

Mrs. Jas. Hallows returned home last Tuesday from Memphis, where she has been spending two or three weeks. We are glad she had a pleasant time while there.

An Apology.

By the inexcusable carelessness of the "Memphis Auxiliary House," the appearance of the STAR has been delayed one day and it is forced to issue a half-sheet.

We sent a telegram Thursday morning inquiring after our paper and requesting a reply, but we failed to receive it. We are of the opinion that the M. A. H. is a scurvy concern and wholly unreliable.

The readers of the STAR will please excuse the delay and the half-sheet, as under the circumstances, we could do no better. We think we can safely promise them that this will not occur again. Our readers are not more disappointed than we.

Sardis Female Institute.

The school in this Institute will be resumed Monday morning, January 21. Our patrons will receive the benefit of the "Public Fund" during the "Free Term," but, as heretofore, an extra charge will be made in each department, viz:

Primary Department, 50c per mo. Intermediate " \$1.00 per mo. Higher Branches \$2.00 per mo.

All tuition must be paid at the end of each month.

We hope those of our patrons who have not paid us up, will not ask further indulgence, or tax our time with additional numbers, as this would incur the necessity of employing assistant teachers when we are so poorly prepared to compensate them; yet, if we are paid, we will not hesitate to employ the best assistants, and give the pupils the very best advantages. At the close of the "Free Term" the unexpired session will be resumed, and our usual charges will be made. Respectfully,

MRS. M. A. THOMPSON, and JENNIE JENKINS.

Sardis, Dec. 25th, 1881.

The Christmas Tree in the Court House.

The Christmas Tree on the eve of Christmas was quite a success. Notwithstanding the talk of hard times, the presents were more numerous and more beautiful than ever before. The heart of old St. Nicholas himself would have been gladdened by the display of Christmas gifts. The tree was so heavily laden, that fears were entertained that it would not stand up under its burden, while at least a half-dozen tables beneath it were filled with expressions of Christmas cheer.

There is no more beautiful custom that has come down to us from past generations than the one celebrated here on Saturday night—that of the Christmas tree. The little folks had talked and dreamed of the event for weeks before hand, and judging from the exclamations of delight, heard on all sides as the presents were "called off," expectations were not too high. The ladies of the Methodist A.M. Society, with their usual energy, had a most inviting supper prepared, and we doubt not many availed themselves of the opportunity to help a good cause, and at the same time, help themselves to the many good things spread before them. The various committees were indefatigable in their efforts to make the occasion a pleasant one to all. The Hanks of the public are due the gentlemen and ladies composing these committees as well as to the sheriff and his very obliging deputies. We wish them one and all, a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

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A STORY OF EDINBURGH.

(Continued from page 1.)

I sat out one morning in Edinburgh to see the sights of this interesting and romantic city, and, as was my custom while in Europe, I endeavored to see life in all grades of society. While I was walking along one of the streets where large numbers of the poor made their homes, my attention was directed to an old woman who was sitting in a doorway. She was bare-headed and bare-footed, and with her few remaining teeth, she was continually chewing something as a sheep chews its cud. By her side was a basket which I suppose contained all her worldly goods. She seemed to be resigned to her condition, and did not notice me when I paused to scan her weird and haggard face. This street seemed to be wholly occupied by the poor. The shops contained only the poorest class of goods, and the food was such as could not be sold to those who were in better circumstances. In contemplating the wretchedness around me, I became sick at heart, and hastened away to scenes that were more pleasant, but all the splendor of Edinburgh could not remove from my mind, the old woman with the basket. I flattered myself however, that as I had made a distance of some miles between us, that I should not see her again, but I was mistaken, for she sat just before me in a doorway with her basket by her side. I thought I would speak to her, and said, "my good woman, why do you sit here, and why are you so indifferent to everything around you?" She did not deign to look at me, but kept on chewing. I turned abruptly away from her, and thought I would direct my course so that she could not again intercept me. I was again mistaken, for I saw her as I turned the third corner. She was sitting as before, with her basket by her side. I confess I was not a little puzzled at this mysterious old woman. I never believed in supernatural beings, and I thought I might perhaps be laboring under some kind of hallucination, so I determined to leave Edinburgh, and went directly to the station and took the first train that left, as I supposed, for Glasgow. I felt sure now that I should never see the old woman again, but when arriving at Port Bello village, I discovered that I had taken the wrong road, and should be obliged to return to Edinburgh. I concluded to walk back, so that I could see the people of the country along the road, and also that I might enter Edinburgh by a different route, and, if possible, evade the old woman. I chose a narrow and unfrequented road, which led over the mountains. The scenery was so grand, and I became so interested in viewing the ground over which so many noble Scots had trod in times of old, that I nearly forgot the old woman, but as I arrived in sight of the place where "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," I met her face to face. I exclaimed, who in the name of Heaven are you, and what are you doing here?

"Art thou a spirit of death, or a goblin damned?"

Her eyes that were meaningless before, assumed animation and expression, and her decrepit appearance assumed that of strength as she stood out before me. She said at last, "you are an American and a stranger here, it is well, for I have been a stranger in a strange land myself. You shall know who I am. You see that tall spire yonder; and do you see these scars on my arms and face? Many years ago, just beyond that spire, myself and husband were set upon by ruffians and robbed of all we had. I was an only child, and my father and mother were dead. Myself and husband were on our way to America, and were to sail next day. My husband was killed by the ruffians and I fought over his dead body with the ferocity of a tiger, but all in vain. I was taken up, all covered with wounds and blood, more dead than alive. These licks that were as black as the raven, turned white as snow, and these cheeks that were plump and rosy, were blanched and furrowed. No one knew me, and since that time I have been called the "Old woman with the basket," as I have always carried this basket with me since that dreadful night, it being all I had left in the world. I saw you among the poor children of this town. Come with me."

She started and I involuntarily followed. She led the way to a house which had been pointed out to me as the residence of Hume, the historian, and the place where he wrote the greater part of his history of England. Here I saw numbers of children of both sexes, and all new, some deformed and others maimed, and all in rags and tatters.

"Here," she said, "is headquarters for little children of the poor."

By paying a small amount they can be left here to be cared for while their mothers are out at work."

I restrained the remark that they did not seem to be very well cared for, that their pinched expressions told me plainly of their sufferings.

She said, "You only have an insight of poverty. May you never know the bitterness of the struggle. My long struggle with it has caused me to feel indifferent to everything on earth, and I only await the Master's call to go home."

She pointed to the door, and I left without a word. Ever afterwards I felt that I should like to meet her again, but surely now, I shall never meet her any more, or behold such abject poverty as I did in Hume's house.

M. A.

Married.

In the Methodist church, Sardis, Miss. Dec. 23d, 1881, by Rev. W. P. Burton, Mr. J. Sidney Clifton and Miss Blanche Terry.

The church was handsomely decorated and crowded to overflowing. The couple standing under a marriage bell beautifully arranged, during the performance of the ceremony. After the marriage the happy pair, attended by many friends, repaired to the residence of the bride's father, Rev. C. N. Terry, where a fine supper awaited them.

Lippincott's Magazine.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for January opens with an article on Seville, by S. P. Scott, which is historical as well as descriptive, and illustrated. Animal pets is the subject of a paper by Dr. Felix L. Oswald. Edward C. Bruce writes about "Railway Stations" with special reference to the artistic merits of some that have been recently constructed. Richard T. Ely discusses "Our Common Schools," insisting on the necessity of obtaining higher grades of teachers and adopting methods of appointment in accordance with the principles of Civil Service Reform. "Decorations under Difficulties," by Helen Campbell, and "A Trip to Tophet," are lively sketches, the former describing the establishment of a home in a Western Territory, and the latter a visit to a silver mine.

The number is strong in fiction. "Stephen Guthrie," opens in a very promising way, with abundance of character and incidents that have a rare and original flavor. "A Comedy of Errors," by Henry A. Beers, is a Christmas story, well constructed and very amusing. "Hazel," by Cora Hall Randolph, has a tinge of sensationalism, while "The Bank Secret," by William O. Stoddard, deals with complications of love as well as finance. There are several pleasing poems in the number,—"A Christmas Card," "Unrest," and "Dear Little Alice."

Among the matter in the "Gossip" is a critical notice of the Art Exhibitions now open in Philadelphia. The "Book Notices" are unusually numerous. The last page of the number contains six illustrations apropos of "The Collection Mania."

If you want fat, fresh oysters, nice celery, good beer and toothsome sausage, call on Fogarty.

New Orleans Democrat's Almanac.

We have received, with the compliments of the publishers a copy of this work, which has been specially prepared for distribution among the readers of the Times-Democrat. It is handsomely illustrated and adapted not only for entertainment and instruction but as a constant and useful reference by the people of the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Texas and Arkansas. The work is mailed, postage prepaid, to every subscriber of the Weekly Times-Democrat.

At the Emporium of FASHION.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

A full and fresh supply of all LADIES' WEAR.

The handsomest Cloaks and Dresses in the market.

New Dress Goods.

Silk Poplins as low as 35c. Silks as low as 60 cents, and all things in proportion. Jan 31] Mrs. Dossow.

ATTENTION is directed to the school advertisements of Mrs. Heath, at Como, and the Sardis Female Institute.

Only twenty-four excursion tickets to Memphis were sold here Monday and Tuesday.

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RICE, STIX and CO.,

WHOLESALE.

Dry Goods, Notions & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Corner St. Charles and Fifth Street, St. Louis.

Office 13 and 15 White Street, New York.

For the convenience of our southern customers we will keep a full line of samples of the goods at the old stand in Memphis over the drug store of S. Marshall & Co., 105 Main street. Mr. M. Patterson will have charge of the same. (7-9-11) Feb.

J. W. WILKINS,

(Successor to F. H. Clark & Co.)

Fire Watches, Jewelry and

STERLING SILVERWARE.

No. 290 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Thomas H. Allen & Co.,

Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants,

Memphis—7 Monroe St., New Orleans, 32 Perdido St. St. Louis, 112 and 114 South Main.

Cotton consigned to us at Memphis, New Orleans or St. Louis will have prompt and careful attention.

W. & S. JACK & CO.

Importers and Dealers in

China, Glass and Queensware, Looking

Glasses and Housefurnishing Goods.

No. 332 Main Street, Southern Palace.